- CANADA -

BY THE

REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.,

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

REPRINTED FROM "THE METHODIST MAGAZINE."

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General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

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I KNOW a land toward the West,
A land I love, the first and best;
A land of genial clime and air,
With bread for all and bread to spare;
A land of health and wealth and peace,
Of noble toil and toil's increase;
A land of broad and fertile fields,
Where tillers' care bright harvests yields;
A land of milk and corn and oil
Where fatness tinges rock and soil;
A land of quarry, pit and mine,
Of spouting well and flowing brine;
A land of fountain, river, flood,
A land of mountain, meadow, wood;

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* I wrote these lines about thirty years ago, when I had more hope, but not more love, of Canada, the land of my birth, the land of my sires, the land of my pride and joy, than I have to-day. Party strife—which has since well-nigh been our ruin—was then bitter enough to be sure; but we had not been yet flooded with political corruption in the high places of the State, nor in the lower grounds of the electorate submerged and soaked in the sediment of public debauchery.

Were I to undertake such a task now, the wounded wing would make heavy flight, and possibly lose its way in the stenchful mists of the common bog. Would that a kind Providence would vouchsafe a great deliverance to this

A land of busy, earnest men
That guide the plough or wield the pen ;
That crowd the tracks and marts of trade
To make their wares or sell them made ;
A land of daughters sweet and fair,
That brighten home and lighten care ;
A land of churches, courts and schools,
Of learned men, some learned fools.
A land of parliaments and laws
Where rich and poor have equal cause ;
A land of liberty and right
Where manhood feels true manhood's might ;
Where virtue's shield protects the chaste,
And rising arts develop taste ;
Where pleasures fill the frugal home,
And plenty more bids millions come ;
Where commerce gladdens sea and lake,
And freighted trains the forests shake ;
Where towns spring up and cities rise—
Swift proof of wealth and enterprise ;
Where every man has even chance,
And cringes not to lordly lance ;
Where every man, a king and free,
May hold his land in simple fee ;
Where every man by work may thrive,
The strong grow rich, the weak may live ;
Where men their honest gains enjoy,
And gains on gains their powers employ ;

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great and noble Dominion, committed to our care even by blood ! Then might be realized under the spirit and constitution of the United Empire Loyalists the dream of my youth, the strong desire of my manhood, and the lingering picture of coming strength, righteousness and integrity ; of public fidelity and national prosperity, that, somehow or other, even yet haunts my convictions, my prayers, and my hopes.

The heathen Roman, Cicero, almost in anguish, cried, "Never despair of the Republic." Yet by Catilines and corruption his beloved Republic was broken and has gone down the abyss. Possibly, however, the moral government of the world is so changed, that despite Catilines and corruption, a Christian Canadian may cherish patriotism, courage and faith. Hence, on request, I furnish these lines for the METHODIST MAGAZINE. A. C.

Where manly worth has large respect,
And fraud and crime are quickly checked ;
Where in the face of public wrong
The people's voice is prompt and strong ;
And where the spring of public good
Is faith in right and rectitude.
This is the land we call our own,
Land of all lands, preferred, alone ;
This is the Canada we love,
To which we turn where'er we rove ;
This the sweet name that charms our ear,
Lights up our eye and quells our fear.
Land of my life ! land of my birth !
Thou dearest land of all on earth.

Land of my toil ! land of my heart !
What soothing balm could heal the smart
Where flows the blood, if e'er we part ?
Could cure be found in Ceylon's vales,
In India's groves and spicy gales,
Where fragrance floats on every breeze
And precious gums embalm the trees ?
Could ease be had where richer flowers,
'Neath softer skies beguile the hours,
Embowered love despising care,
And music filling summer air ?
Could Persian pomp my longing stay,
Or Tuscan strains while grief away ?
Could Spanish grace my love engage,
Or Gallic art my woes assuage ?
Arabia's myrrhs, nor Afric's palms,
Nor softest oils, nor sweetest balms,
Nor greatest pomp, nor gentlest grace,
Nor noblest art, nor loveliest face
Could ever touch my heart's deep sore
If I could see my land no more.

The lands afar may boast their gems,
Their flashing crowns and diadems ;
Their lordly rank, their regal state,
Their masses poor, their rulers great ;

Their ducal sway, their royal line,
Their ancient house, their blazing sign.
Give me the land of equal men,
Where all have rights, not one in ten ;
Where "sir," "my lord" 's as good as Jack,
And Jack as good as premier "Mac."
Where lords untitled fill the land,
And brother feels his brother's hand ;
Where none must crouch or lick or cower,
But all can feel their inborn power ;
Where all may know God made them free,
And made their interests well agree ;
Where special rights run not in blood,
But men are great as they are good.

The lands afar may boast their spice,
And taunt us with our fields of ice ;
May boast their summer air and flowers,
Their orange groves and ivy bowers ;
May boast their limpid oils and wines,
Their tow'ring palms and spreading vines :
Give me ! give me this rugged land
With hardy woods and forests grand :
The stately elm, the stalwart pine,
Our maple leaf, heraldic sign ;
Heraldic sign that bears no stain,
Nor burns our cheek with crimsoned pain ;
Heraldic sign of honour pure,
Of equal laws, of rights secure,
Of justice mighty to endure.
Far off the day when we shall blush,
Or infamy our spirits crush ;
As we shall gaze on that loved sign,
The token of your land and mine ;
The token held before the world,
The banner by our sires unfurled,
That here, as free as forest air,
There's peace for all the sons of care.
That here, as pure as forest dew,
There's freedom full to Greek and Jew ;
That here, as bright as forest sheen,
There's honour bright when hands are clean.

The lands afar may vaunt their past
The glory won, the wealth amassed,
The lordly piles, the glittering domes,
The royal parks and princely homes ;
The broad estates, the tenant's cot,
The weaver's loom, the farmer's lot ;
The old cathedral's stately towers,
And darkest dungeon's fiercest powers ;
The symbol of the ruler's might,
The proof of tyrant's cruel spite ;
The Inquisition's dark career,
And seas of blood and Robespierre ;
And priests and monks and nuns in black,
That roll the bright'ning ages back ;
The frowning battlements of war,
And faiths whose priests the free abhor ;
May venerate the lifeless creeds,
And scorn the hero's noblest deeds ;
May execrate the true and brave,
And shout for joy at Freedom's grave :
Give me the land whose sons, freeborn,
The scowl of priests return with scorn ;
The tyrant's threats meet with disdain,
And fling them to their source again ;
The politician's arts suspect,
The briber's plans and pelf reject ;
And so maintain in manhood's tower,
The secret of the nation's power ;
And so hand on to Britons true
The freedom old, the freedom new.
This is the land of youth and hope
Where none pull down—where all build up—
Where ancient wrongs have found no place,
But truth and love invite the race
To industry and honest wealth,
To comfort, peace and surest health ;
To all the blessings God hath given
His children dear, this side His heaven.

A hundred years have come and gone,
Since loyal men that loved the throne,

And chose the king and kingly crown,
And for that choice laid all things down,
Throughout the forest wilds that lay
Along our lakes and lovely Bay
Urged their bold course through flood and wood
To find again their perished good ;
To plant again on untried shores
Their standard true with well-tried powers.
They brought not wealth or shining gold,
They feared not ice or piercing cold ;
But firm resolve they bravely brought
And Britain's shield and honour sought ;
And here the deep foundations set
On which their sons are building yet,
And rearing strong the towers of State,
Sure in our hope, as firm as fate.

Now, watch these empire builders move,
And see what things they dearly love,
Observe what massive stones they bring,
What sure cement and fastening ;
How deep they lay, how strong they bind !
With what a hand, with what a mind !
How well they plan, how well they do,
How old their work, and yet how new !
What strength of proud historic worth !
What vigour of more modern birth !
What Tory pride and keeping hold !
What Whiggish schemes and projects bold !
And as this side lays up the blocks
In firm cement the other locks :
Together building Freedom's throne,
And right secure to every one ;
A home for Order, Justice, Peace,
And Reason's sway till time shall cease.

These people hold religious truth
The guardian of the nation's youth.
They well believe our weal and bliss
Are liberty and righteousness.
They joy in knowledge as their power,

And rest in virtue's stately tower.
They love the Church, the court, the school,
The law revere, the Bible's rule ;
They dwell in peace with neighbours just,
And for their riches seldom lust ;
Against marauders shut the gates,
But might let in the United States—
Annex their vast and grand domain,
And take them to the Crown again.
Or better yet for mutual good,
Keep laws, do deeds of brotherhood ;
In Friendship's bonds held heart to heart,
In Truth's great conflict taking part ;
In serried ranks ranged side by side,
Firm in the Right let us abide.